

CRUCIALZINE!



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'SUP YO?

You are holding the first issue of CRUCIAL 'ZINE in your grubby hands. That means you probably have an interest in good hardcore and in good times. It took forever to put all this together (no excuses offered), but hopefully the experiences gained will make any future issues pop out faster. I don't think I've ever read an intro to a zine where the writer hasn't apologised about getting it out late, as if anybody really cares about that sorta shit.

To get things some straight before someone starts posting death threats or whatever on your little blog, we are not a straight edge zine. We like things that get you going to make a real difference around you. We aren't claiming to know everything, although we make a good effort at pretending to do so, so even when we are wrong we are totally right. If you don't like it, go fuck yourself. If you like, make sure you hang out with us next time you catch us throwing shapes at some totally awesome show.

This first issue was going to have interviews with two of Athens' finest bands, but they're lazy so we dug up and reprinted an awesome WarZone interview with Raybeez. There are a few rants (some written by us and others blatantly plagiarised), a piece on TNS, a load of reviews and the first in a series of guides. We like all sorts of music and reading stuffs, so if you got something you're proud of, send it over and we promise to have a look at it. If you send us drugs, money and/or prostitutes we will appreciate it a bit more.

OBLIGATORY THANKS:

**Quality DIY Cambridge promoters.
Iain for the way awesome hook up.
All the great bands still rocking.
All the horrible bands that suck.
Ourselves. That's right yo.**

**NOTE: Only Forward are now known as
Lonewolves. They still rock pretty hard.**



WHY METAL BLOWS!

SO ANYBODY WHO KNOWS ME, BOBATRON FIVE THOUSAND, PERSONALLY, WILL NO DOUBT BE AWARE OF MY DISLIKE (AT BEST) OF WHAT PEOPLE COLLECTIVELY REFER TO AS METAL. I REGULARLY TRY TO REMIND MY FRIENDS THAT METALLICA HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE ASS-CLOWNS THAT THEY ARE TODAY, BUT ALSO PRAISE DRAGONFORCE & SLAYER. WHAT GIVES?

The main issue I have with metal is that I can't get my head around the escapism that is an intrinsic part of metal culture; whether it's riding horses in a battlefield or talking to the devil over the phone, there is an undeniable dose of the supernatural belief, not so much encourage to 'get into' metal, as much as it is almost required. From the hundreds of self-confessed metal-heads across five countries that I have met in my life so far, all, without failure, have some belief or serious interest in mythology/religion, the supernatural and/or J.R.R Tolkien. One of them even works for Blizzard as a moderator in World of Warcraft in France these days.

Sure, I suppose you could argue that it's all supposed to be allegorical metaphors, to give a more theatric and artistically astute appearance to everything, quote some Oscar Wilde or other aesthete, bla bla bla... Bullshit, if you have something interesting to say, if you have serious social or political commentary to make, why hide behind coded messages and the cop out of 'artistic license'? Why pretend to be a mediator of ideological conflict rather than actively mediate the conflict? Why sit on that proverbial fence of not really wanting to make any real statement outside of jokingly make fun of religion, when you could be making a difference with awesome music?

Another thing I find unbearable in 99% of metal bands is that false sense of superiority metal-heads get from thinking about how technically amazing their preferred music is, as if making a guitar squeal is akin to curing cancer or something. Being able to play all the guitar notes at the same time is not necessarily a great thing; sometimes less is more. Guitarists that take themselves way too serious, so as to have six-minute solos on every other song, are more or less dudes who probably didn't get enough hugs when they were younger. It's that sort of maladjusted 'artists' who perpetuate the 'sex, drugs and rock n' roll, maaaaaaan' stereotype. I got into what most people would broadly refer to as an 'alternative' genre of music (but more often than not, they call it 'noise' or 'garbage') to get away from all the posturing, dishonesty and bullshit that comes with mainstream 'pop' music. The rock n' roll lifestyle of excess is one that I feel is as institutionalised as old-time sexism or racism. Is it any surprise then that metal scenes across the world are populated by Republicans, racialsists, homophobes and other assorted idiots? Kid Rock, Ted Nugent or Varg 'real-name-Kristian' Vikernes, anyone?

There are of course exceptions to this rule, namely any band that actually has interesting lyrics or can be confident enough to make a career out of self-ridicule. That would include serious bands like Sepultura and Slayer, who were inspired by hardcore/punk, as well as Iron Maiden, Dragonforce and to an extent Anthrax, for taking notes from Spinal Tap (although Anthrax sadly don't realise they are a fucking joke, so maybe they need to get Billy Milano to sing because S.O.D were *so much better*). The difference with these metal bands is that they somewhat prove that they are content with taking themselves serious enough to figure out how to become a) motivated artists or b) committed entertainers. With most other metal bands I get the feeling they are trying to strike a nice 'golden middle' of the two, or at worst pretending to strive for that middle ground. You can see that by how metal bands will contradict themselves on so many levels, like say Rage Against The Machine selling you radical leftist politics at \$40 shows, with \$20 CDs and \$30 t-shirts. Oh, sure, they still care about the politics and they 'can't help being that popular'. Or can they?

Do you not think that what with all the money they made so far they couldn't be more ethical about their commercial practices? I am not expecting them to 'regress' to doing basement shows and giving away CD-R's of their new records for the rest of their lives, but surely they can see that something has gone wrong... If a band as low on the record sales/hits radar like Fugazi can last as long as any other commercially successful metal act out there and consistently maintain a socio-political agenda without having to exploit people in the process, you really do have to wonder whether rock stars and pop stars are intentionally being assholes to everyone.

You see, as much as metal would like to see itself as a subculture of the margins, it is firmly-rooted in the mainstream, only it likes to kid itself that it comes from some mythical fantasy land; about as progressive or meaningful as tripping out at a Greatful Dead show. If metal-heads think punks are clowns, what the hell are metal-heads themselves if not the big daddy of clowns? What has metal been synonymous with apart from theatrics and excess? Not a fuck of a lot.

YO! THE TOP-10 SHIT METAL BANDS!

METALLICA: The ÜBER-METAL band. They cut their hair short just around the time they finally cut their balls off.

BLACK SABBATH: As lively as shell-shocked senile Parkinson's sufferers.

MEGADETH: Waah! Waah! I WAS IN METALLICA TOO! Waaah! Waaaaah!

GUNS N' ROSES: Even the metal-heads have given up on G'N'R.

KORN: Really, isn't everyone ashamed today for actually paying **real** money for their records in the 1990's?

PANTERA: They went from being Manowar Juggalos or something, to writing 'Walk', probably the most boring 'Metal Anthem'. EVER.

LIMP BIZKIT: Come on, bro, if INDIE KIDS can bully you, you gotta give up.
Oh, you have. Good.

MÖTLEY CRÜE: Beyond the tons of blow, disease-stricken groopies and yellow Ferrari Testarosas, everyone can see their major suckitude, right?

MARILYN MANSON: Empirical proof that hot girls can get it totally wrong, by worshiping an utter art-fag prick with an ego the size of Jupiter.

TRIVIUM: Like Metallica, only they never had long hair or testicles to begin with.



HARDCORE ETIQUETTE

or how not to be 'that guy'

leave the haircuts and attitude home.

the mosh ain't a punch-fest: leave that to the emo and metal kids.

if you're a small dude or a girl and think you can get away with it, you haven't met my left and right fist yet.

if you've just got your first ink done, keep your shirt on.

that silly tribal dragon is wack.

wear a black flag shirt if you actually listen to black flag.
real kids prefer chavo too.

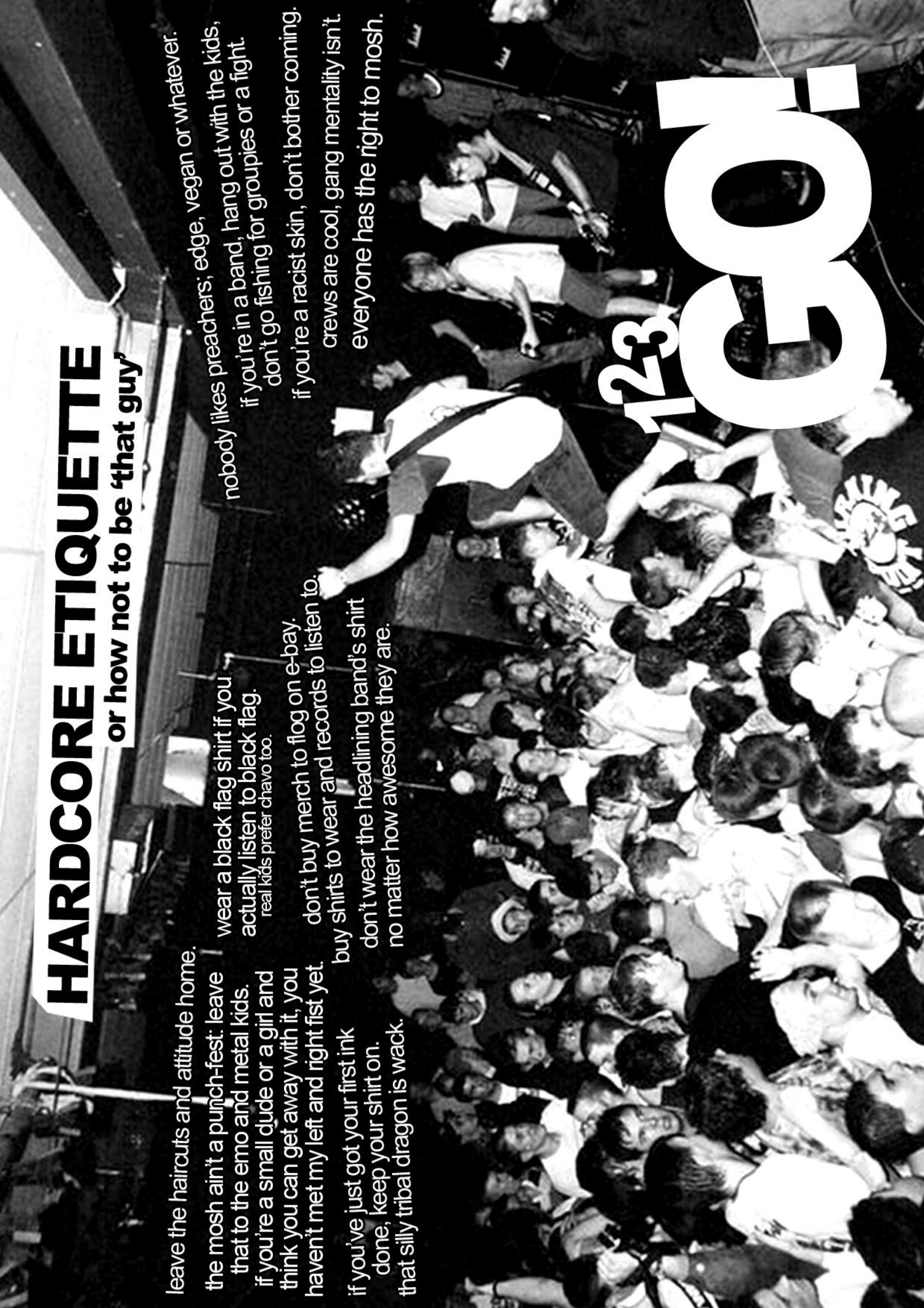
don't buy merch to flog on e-bay.
buy shirts to wear and records to listen to.

don't wear the headlining band's shirt
no matter how awesome they are.

nobody likes preachers; edge, vegan or whatever.
if you're in a band, hang out with the kids.
don't go fishing for groupies or a fight.

if you're a racist skin, don't bother coming.
crews are cool, gang mentality isn't.
everyone has the right to mosh.

123 GO!



RICK WILL FIX IT! No.1

yeah! i'd bone her!
kick ass!! tubular!
rock!

this pop shit is
ruining our scene fuck yeah...

skater boy, la la la!
yadda yadda yadda...



it's... RICK TA LIFE!

rick will fix it!

fuck yeah!

bla bla bla...
together baby!

c'mon ya fags!
bring da mosh!
hit play, yo!



chugga
chugga

chug
chug

chugga
chug
chug
chugga

chug
chug

chugga
chugga



one insane mosh later...

YO! YO!

Rick totally fixed it !!

LIVE ~~RESTARTS~~ ADVENTURE

THE RESTARTS/ I.C.H./ THE LISTED (19/10/07)

So we thought we'd start going to shows, take pictures and write reviews showing how great the Cambridge scene is. Sure, whatever. We got there around 8, paid our £5 and got ready for some punk rock dancing and drinking. As per usual, the Moon was full of apologists of 'the spirit of 1982' or whatever, mohawks, studs and leather jackets dominated. We got our moderately priced alcoholic beverages of choice and got ready for THE LISTED. They play fast punk, not too far away from all the awesome SoCal bands from the 90s. They had some pretty rad tunes, but a) their bassist needs to cheer the fuck up. and b) less 'oi!', more 'go!'. We didn't get any pictures because I was too busy trying to get served to remind Shortie to take some photos.

I.C.H. came on after with acoustic guitars and bass. Apparently their replacement drummer had totally disappeared after their first practice and they'd already booked the show. I don't particularly like acoustic punk, it lacks the energy you get from distortion and fast drumming. Plus, it's fucking quieter too. Nevertheless, I was sceptical about this lot as they all had long dreads, so the reggae/ska tunes would sound better. The kids didn't seem to mind though and after a couple songs started dancing, as good as a drunk punk can after a couple hours of beers. Shortie tried taking some photos with his camera phone but they kinda sucked. Dom seemed to be loving it and busted out his patented disco moves.

After that we went out and got wrecked. It's amazing how everyone pretty much fucks off in-between bands to go have a smoke outside. I wonder how people will cope (or not?) with this smoking ban when it really starts getting cold and rainy. Around this point Shortie was given a new nickname, Smallbound. If you see him, call him Smallbound. Anyway, THE RESTARTS came on later and they all had punk rock hair, including what I'd call a 'mulleted mohawk'; homeboy had massive spikes off the back of his head and shaved the top off. I finally got my moshing gloves on, after Dom had been going on about them for a while and even put my hood up for a bit. I later called my mate Spyros in Greece who totally loves this band during their set. Their 80s UK squatter punk went down a treat.

After the show we hung outside getting more wasted. Someone left some kitchenware outside for anyone to take and I think we pissed all over it. There was a salad-bowl I wanted to take, but totally forgot when Dom suggested we fucked off and headed to the Grill House for food.

Money wasted: £30 - £40 [including BABAR LUCK ticket & burger]
WOW value: FOUR HIGH-FIVES OUTTA FIVE



(actual size)

NOFX + THE LOVED ONES + TAT (A) BRIXTON ACADEMY 4/11/07

A SHORTROUND REPORT

So yeah, as you may or may not have heard, NOFX played Brixton Academy last November. Now seeing as they've been one of my favourite bands for over ten years now and I've never fucking seen them before, I decided to get my arse along to the show. I knew Bob would want to go, even though he's probably seen them a hundred times before at better venues, and as I'm pretty lazy I got him to order tickets on the interweb. TWENTY-TWO FUCKING QUID! FOR THREE BANDS! I'll think twice now before moaning about paying a fiver for a gig at the Man on the Moon. Anyway, Dom got a ticket too, and so did Bob's mate Vinny, who said he would give us a lift there in his van! Which means we could avoid the train and the tube and all the timetables and shit on a Sunday night! Sweet right? Wrong, the day comes and dude never shows up. So Bob and I set off for the train station with Dom dragging his heels behind us, looking the most tired and hungover I've seen him in a while due to the house party he had attended the night previous. We check the train times-the good news is the trains are running all night. The bad news-some inconsiderate sod's had enough of life and thrown themselves on a train track so we can't get the next one there, and we'll probably miss the first band. Oh well, onto the train.



Vinny: not in London.



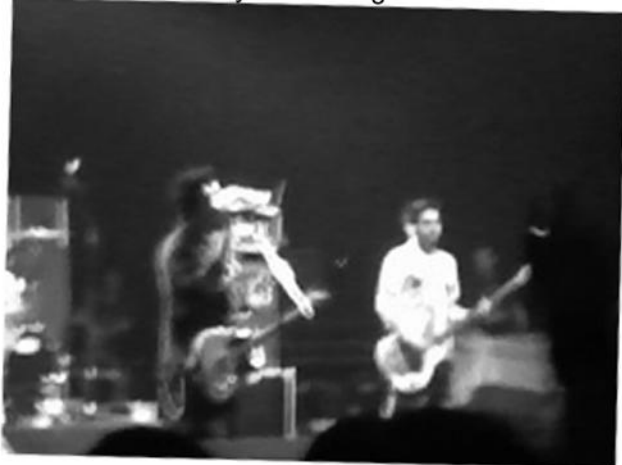
train journey: boring.

So of course, because of the delay the fucking things rammed to the rafters with people. We managed to get seats, but I get trapped in the window seat by some old man who fucking stank of TCP. It was so bad it was overwhelming before we even pulled out of the station, and I'm totally trapped, I can't get out there's just way too many people, and I'm enough of an obsessive-compulsive fidgeted at the best of times, so I'm virtually having to meditate in my own stupid way to put up with it, I think I started pointlessly counting things, that usually makes me feel better. Anyway, eventually we get to London and out of the blue TCP guy informs us that the tube line we were going to take straight to Brixton isn't running. Shit. After some delay we manage to find a British Rail employee who actually knew what they were talking about (shattering my previous assumptions that they didn't actually exist) who told us to take another line that took us most of the way and then walk the rest. The walk was a little worrying, it was a little like being in a Dizze Rascal music video, but we ended up in a massive convoy of punks, so it was all good. There were all sorts in the crowd, scene kids, crusty old guys straight outta '77, hordes of teenyboppers, lesbi-punks covered in piercings, it looked like the crowd was gonna be pretty diverse. So we get there, sell Vinny's unwanted ticket, and head in.



The Loved Ones. Not threatening.

NOFX momentarily not rocking hard.



We bought t-shirts, which were surprisingly cheap, and beer, which wasn't. THREE EIGHTY A PINT! Oh well, London prices I guess. As suspected we had missed the first band, TAT, although we were informed by some people we got chatting to that we probably wouldn't have liked them anyway, as we weren't twelve year old girls. Which I took to mean that they were some kind of sugar sweet pop-punk ensemble. We made in time for The Loved Ones however. I'd never heard of these guys before, let alone heard one of their records. To be honest I thought they were a bit dull, a sentiment echoed by the crowd, a large portion of which started chanting for NOFX halfway through their set. To this they responded "Yeah you'll get to see NOFX soon. While we fuck your girlfriends backstage." Ooohhh, scared. No one seemed overly concerned with this threat and let them finish up fairly uninspiring. Then came the main event! NOFX! They kicked off the evening proceedings with 'Liza and Louise', resulting in a massive surge forward which ensured I didn't see Bob or Dom again until the end of the show. And it carried on just as awesome throughout the show, as they blasted through all their classics, including 'Eat the meek' which had me wailing along at the top of my lungs (while an ugly girl hit on me unsuccessfully) and 'Linoleum' my all time favourite NOFX song which had me moshing and surfing all over the place.

The centrepiece however, was 'The Decline'. Yup they played the whole fifteen minute or whatever the whole way through with no obvious mistakes. Fucking epic. By this point, despite becoming shirtless, I was hot as fuck and retreated for more refreshing overpriced beer. At the bar, some jock-looking bro-dude made fun of me for being skinny. I bit my tongue and resisted saying "Fuck off back to the Bizkit gig, homeslice" and instead laughed and announced I was heading back down front. Which was just as well as I was right in time for this awesome song* they said they had been playing live for years, but had never recorded. And that they had never played it in the UK. I wish I could remember what it was called. Hmmm. I was pretty drunk by that point though, so I forgive myself, haha. Appropriately at this point they finished up with 'I wanna be an alcoholic' and I duly threw myself about with drunken abandon. Next thing I knew, Dom phoned me telling me to get the fuck out the building and meet them out front so we didn't miss the last train. We made it in time, got home had a smoke, and I woke up bruised and hungover on Monday morning. Thank you NOFX, come again soon!!! The end.

* Bobatron thinks it was that live song off the *War On Errorism* CD-Rom



NOFX resume hard rocking.



The Volunteers - Audacity - Only Forward - The Uncovering **@ Cellar Bar 8/Cambridge - 19/01/08**



The Cellar Bar seems to be getting better in recent years. They've been putting on quality hardcore and punk shows the past year or two. I can't complain. Tonight was a Repeat Fanzine event, the owner of which is a proper local legend giving any local band a chance, *including* We Fingerpoint At Dawn. Tonight was one of his finest shows I've been to. More 'core, Mr. Repeat Fanzine!

The night definitely started off on the wrong foot! Local band **The Uncovering** were billed as being a 'punk/metal' band, when really they play screamo for the kids with more than one lip-ring and NORA shirts. In their defense the drumming made my ears happy with the death metal parts, but everything else I tried to block out by spending most of their set at the bar. They probably were the catalyst in all the scene chicks hanging around though, so I give them that.

Next up were **Only Forward** (pictured), a semi-local band made up from dudes all over East Anglia. I remember their singer from the epic years when Fellthru and Battleska played every weekend at the Man On The Moon and/or the Boatrace. Good times. His band reminded me of the early 1990's bands when hardcore was getting heavier and it was slowing down with lots of build-ups. Maybe not my favourite kind of hardcore music, but it's somewhat refreshing in a scene where everyone plays flavour-of-the-week 'rock'. They definitely got their shit down and the kids payed them back with a good mosh. Read their demo review elsewhere in this 'zine...

The third band, **Audacity**, was the highlight of the show for me. Comprised from members of The Volunteers and This Is Colour, they play a brand of hardcore accurately described as 'Bridge 9' hardcore! Take one part Carry On, one part Champion, one part American Nightmare and one part Terror (maybe) and you've got Audacity! Fast-paced passionate new school youth crew with the guitar solos, dramatic bits, singalongs and moshalongs! Their singer seemed a bit nervous, but as more kids were coming up front he loosened up. Props for him announcing 'the two-step' part in their songs for the eager kids up in the front! Someone should book these guys soon!!

Last up were **The Volunteers**, who totally destroyed with their set of super fast hardcore/punk. They ripped through a shitload of songs, gave out free CDs and got the kids to throw shapes. It's a shame they played after Audacity as I was so blown away by them I don't remember too much of The Volunteers' set. I remember I moshed around for 'Black & White', arguably their finest song. I think I had another drink before going outside and laughing at the emo kids getting their hairdos fucked from the light drizzle and heading home.

Ok, firstly as this is the first of this crucial zine, I would like to just start off with *How to roll the "perfect" basic joint*. I would also like to take this opportunity to say that this is all based on my own opinions and experiences, certain people may disagree with me but hey fuck you, who's writing this article?

DOMANIC'S CRUCIAL SKINNING UP GUIDE

BASIC INGREDIENTS

1. A modest bag of your chosen green or hash... or even crack if that's how you choose to live your life (preferably ground up nice and finely and de-seeded). Down to personal preference you may want to use one of those handy little herb grinders, found at most market stalls for a fair price ranging from £2-5.
2. A decent rolling paper, obviously a king size is best but I will also show you the secret to the "L" build so stay tuned. My personal paper of choice is the trusty and easily accessible blue king size slim Rizla. A lot of people often choose silver rizla's as the joint rolling paper of choice, but me personally? I'm not a fan, they're way too thin and often just don't roll up as nice, not to mention the fact that they are so thin that it often leads to the dreaded accidental backwards roll. You know when you roll the joint perfectly go to lick it and realise the gum is on the *wrong* side. What a bitch!
3. Tobacco of your choice again its personal preference but I tend to stick with Cutters Choice or Golden Virginia rolling tobacco. I know some of you out there who still favor the old toasted cigarette tobacco routine but I find it tends to burn a fair bit hotter and isn't nice on the back of the throat.
4. Finally the all important **Roach**, too many these are believed to be the key to any good joint and I am one of these people. I, long ago got into the routine of making the classic "S" Roach. I also believe the chosen card to make the roach is also important, the most common and possibly the best is that awesome bit of green found in the back of Rizla packets. Another awesome piece of card to use is the trusty old train ticket or sometimes a ticket stub from a gig, although any true music fan will never roach a ticket stub of an awesome band. Unless they got jipped into going to a show where the Gallows were supported by Lethal Bizzle and some other hair cut band and just want to get rid of the evidence.





PREPARATION / ASSEMBLY

Creating that all important roach. For years now I have only being able to make “S” roaches, which suits me fine as they work better, none of those irritating bits of weed and tobacco falling threw into your throat. Firstly take your roach material, go to fold like an ordinary roach but instead of just rolling away fold the end back in on itself and if done right will create an “S” shape in the middle of you roach, coincidently this can also sometimes form a lower case “e” shape which in its own right look pretty awesome. After some long nights in a smoking den I have experimented in trying to make all kinds of funky shapes inside my roaches, one of my personal favorites was a peace sign, yes I actually managed to get it to work once but soon found that it was not very practical as it gets clogged up with resin very quickly.

Right are you sitting comfortably? Yes? Then let me begin.

Take your paper of choice and check the gum is on the right side and the gum is dry. Place the roach on your chosen side, I myself roll from the left. Some even say the best rollers always roll from the left. Place a thin and evenly spread layer of tobacco from left to right (or left to right, depending on what side the roach is on). Then take your bag of ground up greenery and lightly sprinkle over the tobacco until covered. For all of you “lets put as much weed in as possible people”, sit this one out and go home; you don’t need a shit load of weed for a nice tasty joint, so long as there is *more* weed than tobacco then its all good! Once said greenery has been evenly spread take another even thinner layer of tobacco on top of the green to help it burn and eliminate that most annoying of spliff defects “boating” also known as *Elvising* and *side-burning*.

Once all the ingredients are in place I find it helps if u give your thumbs and index fingers a little lick and then rub them on your jeans or hoodie. Of course if you’re a metal fag in leather pants then you’re fucked, why not just quit now, hey? The main purpose of this is to provide you with more grip as you go for that *crucial tuck, roll and lick*. With this added grip on your digits you should have no trouble rolling the joint until ready to lick. Once you lick the gum make sure to seal that bad boy *quickly* (especially outside when a random gust of wind can fuck you up).

Once rolled tap the roach end to make it a little tighter because lets face it the only things worse then dropping your spliff mid way or have it destroyed by a gust of wind is the roach to fall out half way through or the have the gum come unstuck. So *tap* that roach *like a fine piece of ass* and *give the other end* (the end you intend to set on fire) *a poke* to level out that for an even start to your joint. Now when you have the little bit of excess paper, some people twist it and burn it off and others rip it and those fancy fuckers do what is called a top hat (which we shall explore in a later issue) I find if you just leave said excess paper there and just burn it off carefully, then you can’t go wrong. Then you’re good to go, so I hope this has been of help to you people out there who just can seem to roll that *perfect joint*. Peace out and happy flying!

- **ZOM WSM**



A GUIDE TO HATING PEOPLE

Right, what's up with peeps who talk on the phone when you're watching something on TV or whatever? I mean really, if you're going to be more than 20 seconds, get the fuck off your ass and go talk somewhere else. Nobody likes the phonetalk commentary, so how about you displace your ass before I displace your face?

What really fucks my shit right up about this sort of assholes who talk on the phone during a movie or whatever, is that they also like to relax themselves, spread out and try to keep up with the damn movie, asking questions and shit! The Jews should be allowed to take out their Biblical wrath on those people, no questions asked.



fig. 1: A MAJOR ASSHOLE OF A WOMAN.



fig. 2: PRETENTIOUS VAGINAS.

How big a pair of sweaty testicles are RADIOHEAD? One moment they are trying to end unfair trade, the next they are the bastions and saviours of DIY. But ultimately they're on a major label, their shirts are probably made by Portorican or Mexican kids and most people didn't feel like paying any money for their latest record, which by the way is going to come out for real on a real label later in the year, with real artwork and a real price. Question: Will you still allow people to download it then? Or will you bury the whole experiment? If you don't like record labels and being exploited like a two-dollar hooker, you could release the record on your own and not pretend to be a pussy. Maybe you art-fags need to listen to some old time FLOORPUNCH or something to lighten the fuck up. Like, duuuuuuuude.



fig. 3: SMACKHEADS GONE WILD.

Who the fuck buys Nirvana records these days? Is it still social misfits in flannel shirts and Hanson haircuts? Now you got Kurt Cobain-branded Nike Converse All-Stars to REALLY show how sad you feel about some junkie eating his shotgun. They even have some of the incoherent drivel from his diaries printed on them, so you can spend hours on end trying to discover some hidden conspiracy theory. Whatever. Keep on lining up Courtney Love's pockets with your gold, she really needs the fucking money. Fool.





Ramblveez WarZone

By Marco Walraven and Perry Seleski for *Hardcore Lives Magazine*.

You've been doing this for quite some time. What keeps you going?

"I'm really into the movement. You know, a lot of people talk, but they talk like shit. I was one of the guys who started Agnostic Front, when I was a little kid. So for me it's like punkrock, or skinhead hardcore music is in my heart for life. So that's it. It's simple."

You just mentioned Agnostic Front. What do you think of the fact that they're coming back?

"A lot of people have a lot of different reactions to it. We played with them back in 1992 when they did their last show. I think that it's a good thing, because there is a lot of young kids who never got the chance to see them. I think it's good for people to see a band from NYC that was one of the first, they're gonna play a lot of old songs, so I think it's really a good thing."

What's your impression of the European hardcore scene?

"I think the people in the scene here in Europe are a lot more passionate. In America a lot of kids are spoiled. There are so many bands. Not everyone, there's a lot of people in America who are cool, they believe in their hearts, but the deal is: there are a lot of people who are spoiled, they see all the bands all the time and they forget a lot of times. But here a lot of people all over Europe they seem to be more passionate, because in America it's always there, so a lot of people forget. That's why I like it over here better. Especially Italy my homecountry. Italia!!!"

Do you think hardcore has changed a lot since the early eighties?

"I don't know how it is here, but in New York City, where I was born, there was only a few hundred of us, in the underground punkrock/hardcore scene. Today there are a couple of thousands, there are so many people - it got too big. It got too big and it used to be a lot more underground, now there's so many bands and they sound the same. In America and in Europe, very few bands sound different, everyone copies everybody else. And I think that it's important to a lot of people that have been around a long time, to like kinda show the younger people what's going on. But it seems like a lot of the older guys, they say old school, new school and they separate, but Warzone is trying to keep it together. That's important."

"It's changed because... I don't want to sound negative, there's still a lot of cool people a lot of cool bands doing the right things, but there's some people, some bands who are trying to make a lot of money from the scene, that's bullshit you know! It's butt-fucked up. I don't have to say who they are, you know who they are! And I think that it's not cool, and I know that these are bands that sooner or later they die out, cause they're not true. Take Warzone as an example. Warzone started in 1982 - I didn't join the band until two years later, because I was in Agnostic Front, so in a band that has been running for so long there has to be something there. Otherwise you can't be around for that long, you know, it's like 15 years now, that's a long time. And there's other bands like that. So if you've been around a long time, people get to see who you really are. And then other bands start and they go on tour and they start as a punkrock/hardcore band, but when they get big, they change. They play big halls and their T-shirt's cost 55 Marks and it costs you 20 Dollars to get in. You know, don't forget the struggle! It's changed in a lot of ways. Now it's so much bigger and separate. The opportunity for bands to make believe against it, there's bands in America that come to Europe and create an image for themselves, when in America they are nothing, but here they're big, because they create this big image around themselves but it's false. In America they're really nothing, but here, because of MTV and a lot of promotions, they create this hard image while this image of their 'hardcore' is bullshit. Very few bands are true."



How do you get along with the guys of Backfire so far?

"Well the reason why Backfire is here with us is because when we played here last time, me and Vinnie, our drummer, stayed in Maastricht (M-Town) in Holland for five weeks on vacation." Raybeez shows us his 'M-Town Rebels' tattoo that he has on his ankle. "So we're like friends of them. A lot of bands say 'oh we wanna help everybody out, we want unity' and when it comes to doing something they don't do shit. So we thought that it would be a good idea, cause we think Backfire is a great band. To help them out, because people may know about this band in Holland, but outside Holland, no one really knows them. And they're sincere, they're true in their hearts. So we wanna help them out and come on tour with us. We toured with a lot of other bands, and people wanted to come with us, but we took them because they're true. We could have took along any band and just fuck everybody else but we're not like that. And there's a lot of pretty girls in Maastricht, 'M-Town Girls'."

Do you write songs when you're on tour?

"Yeah. What I do is, I write songs about what I see. There are so many people who like Warzone, we haven't been here for almost two years now and they like to meet and talk. And I talk to everybody and you get to hear a lot of different things, about life in Europe that is so much different than life in America, and about the struggle and what people deal with here. Because in America everything is different, the skinhead scene is different, the punkrock scene is different, the hardcore scene is different too, so you hear other stories, you see other people, and you write songs from that. I write songs about the streets and stuff, so anybody can read the lyrics and understand, could be a punkrocker, skinhead, hardcore kid. And that's what I think that makes our lyrics really cool, because I write about things that happen every day, about the streets, about what people are doing."

Do you think hardcore is skinhead music?

"No. Let me explain: I'm a skinhead, but I'm a New York City skinhead - big difference. Before I was a skinhead I was an oi-punk. In America, especially in NYC, at least with us, our family, you know NYC is so big, so many people on so small space, with so many people: punks and skins and hardcore and heavy metal kids - it's all family, together. Everywhere else it's separated, but in our family it's all like together. Everyone is like, it doesn't matter what you're wearing or look at what I'm wearing just now, I have Vans, and pyjamas - but I'm a skinhead, you know it doesn't matter what you wear it's here." He points to his heart. "I know some people with long hair, who are more skinheads than skinheads who say they're skinheads, because it's a thing that's in their hearts."

Can you give a reaction on the following words:

Hardcore: "The streets. You know in America when the term 'hardcore' first started, it meant 'a harder, faster version of skinhead music'. Hardcore music has changed in the last 15 years from what it meant to what it is today. It changed over the years, people took it and fucking commercialized it, for us it was just a harder version of punk rock skinhead music. And then as the eighties went on certain bands came around and they changed what it meant, but for us it will always be a harder version of punk rock skinhead music."

Warzone: "The name Warzone came from the way life was on the Lower East Side - it was a Warzone, it really was. People in gangs, people were always getting shot, you know NYC is fucked up man, it's like a movie, everyone there was getting shot everyone there was carrying guns. What we always say is that Warzone had its own family, we had Lower East Side Warzone Women, Lower East Side Crew, everyone had tattoo's on their heads, on their chests, the girls were getting them everywhere, and for us it was a family. It's like with the Grateful Dead, we were the Grateful Dead of the hardcore punkrock scene."

New York City: "When I think of NYC, I think of growing up in the streets, and you know, NYC is a different place than anywhere in the world. Because in NYC we have everything, all the bands all over the world will have to come to NYC so you get to experience everything. And in NYC there's shows all the time and a lot of us work in clubs, there's so many clubs. I mean New York is fucked up, because of a lot of violence, a lot of killings, a lot of shit but it's the only place in the whole world where so many bands came out of one family, just in one group of friends you had: Sick Of It All, Agnostic Front, Madball, Murphy's Law, Warzone, Cro-Mags, Killing Time and then you go back to the older days: Reagan Youth, Bad Brains. So many bands out of one group of friends, that's just great. And there's like a hundred new bands now. NYC is cool because everybody knows everybody else and when everyone's together I'd say that we are the strongest and the most united city in the entire world. Everyone is cool, there's hundreds of us and everyone is in bands! So it's like, we all talk to each other, about what's going on, it's fucking great. And on top of that, there's so many girls, seriously the girls are really a big part of what's happening in the scene. The girls in NYC just have to be tough, they have to fight and thing. I don't know how it is in Europe but in America we take the girls very seriously, they help us out and do a lot of stuff for us, they're a big part of the bands."



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Well, here in Holland we haven't got that big of a scene, but it's growing...

"The punkrock scene in NYC started back in 76 of 77. You had the Dead Boys, they were big, huge. So the scene in New York is about 20 years old, at least 20 years, maybe more, I wasn't around back then, I know it from '75. And everybody still knows each other, I mean the Ramones were part of the punkrock scene, they're older now, but I'm friends with John Ramone, I know this guy for like 15 years. Warzone is friends with the Ramones, so when you think about the Ramones, okay they're big and whatever but as individuals they're still punkrockers. Joey Ramone is still a fucking cool man, you know. So you think about the Ramones and they started in the mid seventies, so that scene has grown. Everything needs time to grow, even if you think about the skinhead movement, it started in the early sixties and no one even called them skinheads, so it's a growing process.

There's so many people in NYC, people have arguments and there's like crews and gangs and people, but the bottom line in NYC is the big family of us that runs everything, you know the old family. You know you can't fuck with us 'cause there's too many of us. And were cool about that, you know in NYC there's crews and cliques of girls who are tougher than some of the guys, if you diss them, they'll jump on top of you and kick your ass. That's cool, 'cause the girls look after themselves you know. But I think that if you're talking about different towns like Maastricht or Rotterdam, that are building up and trying to get rid of the bullshit and keep it cool, it takes a long time. And all you need is a few people who keep it together, because of people who are not real, sooner or later, it might be two or three years but they'll fall. I've been around for when I was a little kid, and I've met the hardest most intense heavy metal kids, punkrockers, skinheads, and in two, three years, they're gone, they left they run away just like a fucking baby."

Sometimes it's a bit like a trend here I think...

"It's trendy in America too, man. We have straightedge-kids who still drink, that doesn't make any sense you know. It's trendy all over the world. I think you just have to make sure you and your friends stay together, and keep listening to each other and sooner or later, you'll be united. *United* is a hard word. It's an easy word to say but it's harder to do. I really talk about it a lot, because I think you need to express that feeling and attitude of being united, so people hear it and if they hear it long enough people start to build. It becomes true to a certain extent. But there's bands from America that come over to Europe and start to talk about unity and in America they don't do nothing. Like in America I put on shows, I help out runaway kids, Warzone is a very small part of what I do for the scene. Anyone could be in a band, but I think the band is just a very small part of what you should do on the big picture. And when people see that, or they read it, I hope that people think 'maybe I'll be like that'. But I see what happens is that a lot of bands from America, they come over here and talk about the scene and hardcore, punkrock and united, are just saying that – it's not true. And I think that you can see that when you talk to people, like you know me, you know Warzone, and you know I've been doing it for a long time.

And I think in Europe it's harder because in America you have one country and I'm not saying it's a good country cause America like every country has it's fucking problems and government fucking bullshit - I've always believed that every government is gonna burn in hell. But America is one country, and everybody in the scene kinda knows each other but in Europe there's so many different countries, different languages, different cultures different ways of doing things. I mean how can Holland and Germany be united, I always hear both countries talking shit about each other, but in America you don't have NYC talking shit about California or California talking shit about Texas, it's all together, you know it's all one language, you have your little problems but it's not as hard as over here. But I think over here what's more important is that each country tries to make their area united. I know people from Holland, Germany, French and Italy and all you need is a few people to start being cool, just start with your own country, you know punks and skins together. And you don't have to be best friends, but you just have to like respect each other. I mean I know people who like me but they don't like Warzone, they're my friends, and I also know people who like Warzone but don't like me, but if you respect each other, that's cool."

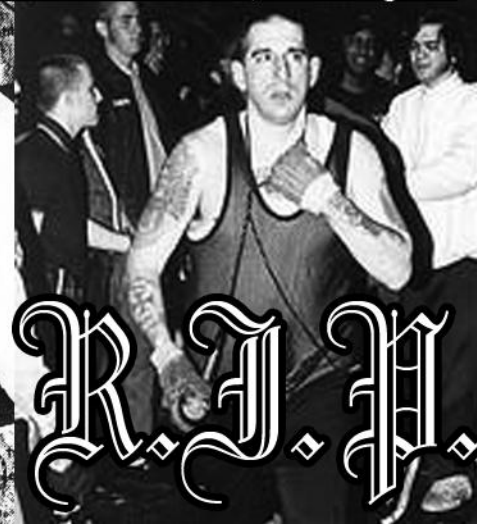
BANE - DIECAST
BEST HOUR

Straight edge : "I think the straight edge way of life is very smart. You could ask 20 different people about straight edge and you get 20 different explanations. My opinion is that being straight edge is mainly not drinking, not doing drugs and taking care of you body. Now you can talk to anybody else and they'll tell you straight edge is not eating meat, not smoking cigarettes, not having sex. I think it's a good thing if it stays to the point of taking care of your body. Cause believe me, I've been drug free for a year now and hopefully I'll stay drug free. I don't do it for the scene, I do it for me. I took a lot of shit my whole life, and I just don't wanted to die. I think there's a lot of people who are straight edge because it's a trend and I think that's it hard to really appreciate being drug free when you haven't been fucked up. I've done some things in my life where I could have sworn that you are the devil, I had a conversation with the devil, and then I wake up and I see it fade away and I had conversations with the devil, and I swear it was a real person. And you realize after you come out of the height: 'What the fuck!?' and that's scary you know. And I've been trough a lot of shit I've had people murdered in front of me and that's scary, cause you can't control it, cause it's in your mind. When you've had a conversation with the devil, and you can't break it from your mind, and you sit there like it's not real! it's not real! and you can't shake it from your mind. Once you're doing drugs you can't say 'stop it'. The drug infects your mind. It's fucked up man. *It's why I am drug free.*

You know, the only thing I'm really scarred of in this world is Evil. I'm not into religion, Warzone is not about religion, I hate religion, but the bottom line is in this world, common sense will tell you - there's Good and there is Evil. I'm scarred of Evil, man. A lot of shit happens, young babies get hit by cars, you know that's Evil man! People always say it's God, but it's not it's Evil. That's why I'm drug free, because drugs is a really bad thing. Nothing good ever came from doing drugs. But then again, honestly, you gotta do what you gotta do. I don't really care what anybody else does. What I'm saying is writing from my own experiences, and maybe people read it and they learn something of it. I don't preach, I have some good friends of mine that still do a lot of drugs, but I still care about them. I don't like people telling me what to do. When I did drugs and people told me to get drug free, I did more drugs, like 'fuck you, you're not telling me what to do!'. And the only reason I stopped is because of all that shit that happened in my life, and I just couldn't take it no more. And I had some girls around me who really cared about me and they looked out. But I think too many bands preach, they tell you what the fuck to do. It could be any band. Fuck that shit, they're fucking assholes, you gotta do what you wanna do in your heart, and fuck the whole world. So if you drink and do drugs, as long as you're happy - it's cool, but there's a lot of people that read the lyrics about being drug-free and knowing that I've been fucked up, my problem was that I could do drugs and have still a lot of money in my pockets.

Because in NYC, outside the band I have a good career. And when you do drugs and you get high and you still have money in your pocket, that was my problem. And everyone knows me, 'ah, Raybeez Warzone, come on you want some more drugs for free,' because I'm Raybeez Warzone, you know. Everyone wants to hang out with us so you get it for free and it works! That's why I stopped, cause it's not worth it. Cause there's a lot of people in the punkrock scene in NYC who look at you and see what you're doing for the movement and if you fucking die and fuck up, then what happens to Warzone? What happens to everything you tried to do, down the drain. So for me it's really the movement, there's more people that I am responsible for than myself. The same with Madball and Agnostic Front and other bands, if Freddy fucks up it's not Freddy, it's Madball, if Roger fucks up it's not Roger it's Agnostic Front, if Jimmy Gestapo fucks up it's not Jimmy, it's Murphy's Law. There's so much that's around me that I'm responsible for, it's really intense. And when I'm on stage I go crazy, (but not insane!) and when I'm on stage and I start talking stupid shit cause I'm drunk, you know, I'm not gonna listen to anybody who's drunk. The music may sound good, but what do you sing? A lot of bands they have good music, but the lyrics, they don't mean something. That's not Warzone, don't forget the struggle..."

Raymond Barbieri
1962-1997



R.I.P.

DEMO REVIEWS

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BOBATRON 5K

Almost Home - Looking Back: Four tracks of modern melodramatic youth crew, a la Bane with some 'heavier' bits thrown in, reminiscent of early Comeback Kid. The songs 'grow' a lot, with bridges, solos and all sorts of breakdowns and shouty bits. For all intents and purposes this demo succeeds in emulating their respective influences adequately, however there was no tracklisting, band info or anything with this demo, just a bad resolution picture. Why the half-assing over there? Minimalism is awesome, but that's a bit too far for a demo. I'd say more about it if they had more to say about themselves.
- myspace.com/almosthome

Audacity - 's/t': Three tracks of passionate modern youth crew hardcore from dudes from bands such as The Volunteers & This Is Colour, that can best be compared to Betrayed, Champion and Comeback Kid! Introspective-sounding lyrics that build up to massive singalongs are a winning combination. I'd risk my professional career to go see these guys rip it up on a week-day! Get this for free!
- myspace.com/audacityhc

Brainbuster - Demo: The cover of this demo is a drawing of a brick going through the rotting severed head with a fringe. Of course the music is modern crusty metallic punk! The lyrics are totally negative ('Bite The Curb', 'Sick Of Your Shit', etc...) and the music borrows a lot from Infest and Asshole Parade. The mosh parts are adequately heavier on the riff-scale with that extra punishing flava that only studs, leather and Doom/Amebix back-batches can make. Short and sweet.
- myspace.com/brainbuster

Crosses - Demo: This is hardcore that kinda takes forever to get through. I don't know, is this what Fugazi and Quicksand sound like? I'm not that interested to be honest in those bands, I always felt that Minor Threat and Gorilla Biscuits were more relevant to me than the later projects of Ian and Walter. I think the release of tension, anger and stress that I find hardcore offers comes best from simpler, tribal-esque music, rather than expanding artistic horizons. The art's ok, but I'd rather listen to Power or Black Metal if I want to get my artistic escapism fix, than 'post-hardcore'. I probably make this sound crap, but for what it is, it's pretty decent, just a shame I'm not really into this kind of hardcore.
- myspace.com/crosseshc

Devastation of Life - 2006: This grind/hc band comes from Athens, Greece. I've been told by my sources that they are comprised from members of other grind/gore bands from Athens, notable for their political activism, which shows on this recording. This is political grindcore, that kind of sounds like a heavier (and waaay faster!) early Sepultura. This not only makes my ears happy, it makes my brain happy too! Fast, brutal and straight to the fucking point!
- myspace.com/devastationoflife

Get Fucking Dead - Demo 2007: Lately there have been quite a few UK hard hardcore bands cropping up that don't resort to Slayerisms or Maidenisms in order to sound heavy. Get Fucking Dead take their cues from classic crunchy NYHC like the Cro-Mags, with an unhealthy negative outlook in life. With song-titles like 'Fuck Off', 'Parasite', 'Get Fuct' and 'Get The Fuck Out' you can easily see that they aren't happy bunnies. Maybe I'd be that depressed if I grew up in gloomy Essex too instead of sunny Greece. People who like Dirty Money will like this too.
- myspace.com/getfuckingdead

Hellmouth - Demo: Even more doom-laden hardcore to feast your ears upon! This is the sort of hardcore that older (30+) smelly, heavy dudes with unkempt beards and short hair play. The guitars are chugTASTIC, the drums pound away and the vocalist does his best to justify the band's name. They get some great atmospherics going on that will make the crusty and bandana kids happy.
- myspace.com/hellmouthhardcore

Honour Among Thieves - Nakatomi Plaza Demo: I got this demo for free when I ordered some stuff from Apostolis' distro, World's Appreciated Kitch. This London band deals in trendy hardcore, a la 'new' Comeback Kid meets American Nightmare or some generic bullshit like that. Silly song titles aren't that big of clever either. Totally boring stuff that I have very little time for. Sorry guys.
- myspace.com/honouramongthieves

Keep It Clear - 2007: This is one of the newer hardcore bands to pop out from the Legitimate Bros Crew, so this band features dudes from Go It Alone, Blue Monday, Get The Most, etc. Normally I don't care about the 'featuring ex-dudes from...', but I've found that this North American/Canadian lot have *consistently* been creating *awesome* melodic hardcore. As you might gather from the band's name, they are a total edge band and they draw influences from Floorpunch and Ten Yard Fight. There's a 7" from these dudes coming out this year to follow up this solid demo.
- myspace.com/keepitclearhc - legitmatebros.com

Life Won't Wait - Demo 2007: Fuck yeah! From the intro onwards I got the same sort of chills I got when I first heard Have Heart's demo a couple years back! These guys tread the familiar melodramatic modern youth crew path, expertly performed with the soaring melodies that become breakdowns and leads that pave the way for more noise and words. I'm quite pleased they aren't a Rancid covers band, one of my initial fears, as they've (apparently) named themselves after their finest record. This demo is easily the best thing committed to CD-R that I have ever heard, I haven't taken it off my playlist in like 4 months straight. Fuck yeah.
- myspace.com/lifewontwait

No Dice - Demo: It's only a matter of time before Charles Bronson takes over from Chuck Norris as 'hardest creature' in nature. Mark my words and get on the gravy train before fashionistas ruin that meme too. No Dice are a new UK band with a sound reminiscent of Ceremony, albeit with intensely more brooding groove parts that remind me at times of Betercore at their most epic. Their lyrics seem to be of the post-apocalyptic/personal struggle nature, which is quite fitting considering the bleakness of the soundscape they expertly paint. If you don't like this you must be retarded or sheltered.
- myspace.com/nodicehardcore

ON - Vital Times: People might have criticised them a few years back for appearing to be generic or whatever, but the truth is Champion released a monumental beast of a record in the form of 'Promises Kept'. After their (and Betrayed's) break-up, ON comes to fill the void. This is still in the same ball-park as Champion was, thanks to Jim's vocals, but the music slows down appropriately for some pretty sweet epic groovy parts. For the fungi living under rocks they sound like Chain Of Strength mixed with early Dag Nasty. You can stream this online or get it on vinyl and it's totally worth your time.
- myspace.com/onhc

Only Forward - MMVIII: Only two songs on this one. This band is made up from dudes from all over the East Anglia area and they play heavy & brooding hardcore, straight outta the early 1990s! I can't quite put my finger on it, but I'm thinking of the early 90s Victory & Revelation rosters. This is the sort of stuff that will probably be popular once the latest youth crew revival dies out. The sound is fucking awesome, the package rules (tracer paper and all) and it only cost me £1! I understand they have a split 7" out soon, so I'd be on the lookout for that if I were you; I'm not, but I highly recommend you do so. I'd like to hear a full-length by them this year.
- myspace.com/lonewolves

Rhythm To The Madness - 2007: So this is the latest euro-band to make a 'difference' in hardcore, in the tradition of Justice and, um, the H-8000 scene; American kids seem to go wild over Europeans covering their shit and bringing back the fashions of yesteryear. They've been thrown in with the Lockin' Out crew, but I don't think this is as good as say Mental, Righteous Jams or Razzle Dazzle. This band plays at average tempos, with the drums sounding 'glam rock' at times, kinda like a really crap Biohazard or Cro-Mags. I'll quote Civ on this one: 'Stage-dives make me feel more alive than coded messages in slowed down songs'. This just doesn't get me 'siked' one bit and thus, it blows.
- myspace.com/rhythmtothemadness

Scarred UK - British Lacerations: I can't really review this demo objectively as I'm friends with the guitarist and bassist/singer of this super awesome hard rock/ metal band. I wouldn't normally go see this sorta thing live, but so far their shows have been the staging ground for much drinkingness and partying. Maybe it's the WSM following that brings the party? I got no real reference points, but 'Sliver of pain' reminds me of the intros to Antidra's 'Vromikos polemos' or Panikos' 'Ola gia to chrima'. Cool. My only recommendation is that G-Dog shows off MORE of his awesome guitar shredding skills.
- myspace.com/scarreduk

BANDS! Would you like our crack-commando team of students, skaters, alcoholics and light drug abusers to give you the low down on your music? No? How about some free publicity then? Even a shit review means someone bothered to listen to it (most of the time) and you'll see your name in print! Hit us up at myspace.com/crucialzine and we'll get back to you.

ZINE REVIEWS

If it wasn't for 'zines like these, chances are you would be counting on **shittrags** like Kerrang, Terrorizer and NME for your hardcore/punk-related news. Show some love.

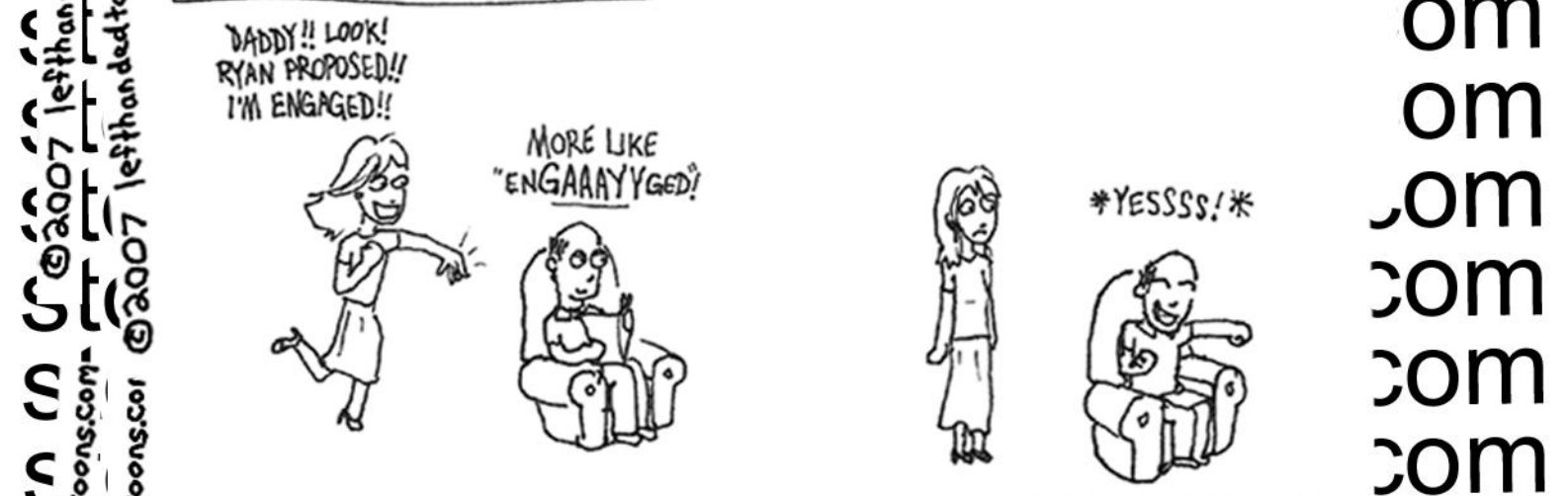
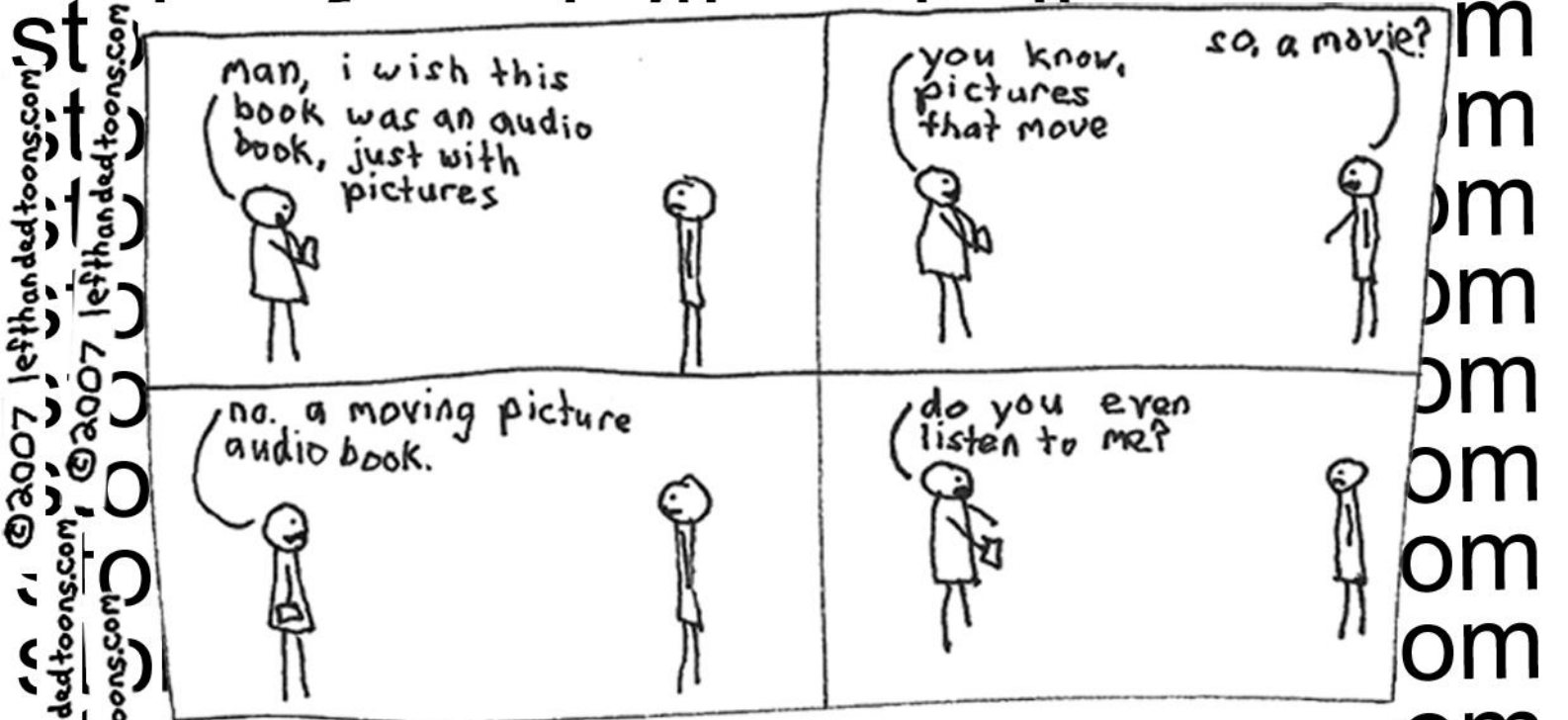
C-Rap #1: The first and only printed edition of C-Rap ladies and gentlemen. Dust off your Underdog Demos LP and make sure you have a couple cold ones. This will probably be the coolest zine about NYHC that you will ever pick up. C-Rap is to hardcore what Vinnie Stigma is to NYHC; a fucking legend. And like Vinnie Stigma, you will not only 'excuse' C-Rap for being goofy and ripping into everyone and everything, you will fucking *applaud* them for it. The rants that make up most of the zine are interesting accounts and opinions on the (crap? -ha!) state of modern hardcore, with the odd short interview and reviews thrown in. I can't think of any other zine that's made me laugh as much or as hard as this. Maybe the Maddox Alphabet of Manliness, but that's a book. Unfortunately, the guys at C-Rap have decided to do this as an online zine now, which is a bit of a shame, but better than nothing, right? www.c-rap.com

Mild Peril #7: Another issue of the Norwich-based punk zine. This is done by a couple dudes who seem to go to all the cool shows in Norwich and have a great time. Quite meaty for a 'half-sized' zine, with loads of interviews (King Blues, Fletch Cadillac, Thee Vicars, 7-Day Conspiracy & Town Clock Records), some reviews/accounts of records and shows, some sort of post-apocalyptic comic section and the usual ranting. There's a weird piece about zombies that ends up being a promo for a 'zombie-themed' club night in Leeds and how it rocks; my experience of 'alternative club nights' is that they play lots of crap metal and emo.. Pretty cool read, but I simply didn't have that much interest in most of the bands covered herein. www.myspace.com/mildperil

Nailgun #1: This is a Cambridge 'zine I picked up at a Last Gang In Town show at the Man On The Moon before X-Mas. I don't know anyone involved, but I figure, based on the street punk/Oi! vibe of this 'zine that it's people from that 'gang' behind it. I'm pretty sure I ended up drinking beer in the street and singing acoustic Rancid and NOFX songs with Raf writes for this and plays bass for a local punk band. Quite a weird night. It's the same night I picked up *Mild Peril*. It's a pretty cool read for a first issue, with a nice variety of articles and random bits and shifts thrown in. Kinda sloppy, but it's a first fucking issue. I wonder if there is a second issue in the works, should be good. No contact info or anything, but you could hang around at *Last Gang In Town* gigs and you might spot it...

Tough Guy Times #4,5,6,7: This zine is probably one of the most interesting zines I've read lately. As the name suggests, this zine is all about the 'core that also has work-out routines and tips in every issue, for all the kids out there who want to look like Harley Cro-Mag one day! I'm a lazy fat bastard myself, but hell, I might actually have a go at some those routines and sets! The author is a veteran of the second Gulf War and has interesting thoughts about his adventure down there. No, he's not pro-Bush or anything like that, quite the opposite. Music-wise this zine is all about the 'meat and potatoes' tough guy hardcore (duh!) with a local focus. There are interviews with bands such as Death Before Dishonor, Colin Of Arabia, Dead Hearts, Madball, Murphy's Law, a few with labels, like Rock Vegas Records and Thorp Records, friends and promoters from the Brockton/Boston area as well as some funny joke interviews with himself and Jamey Jasta. There's a very sarcastic and playful attitude vibe that reminds me a bit of C-Rap. The only thing I'm not 100% convinced by are the arguments for (perceived) gangs in hardcore, like FSU and DMS; they sound a bit elitist, but that's another fucking issue. Anyway, I highly recommend this 'zine and you should email Sean at xxxpainedge99xxx@yahoo.com for the latest issue!

Town of Hardcore Collected Edition: I got this through a pre-order, meaning I also got a TOH shirt and a Fucked Up/Think I Care split 7" for like £20. For those not familiar with Town Of Hardcore, it was a Canadian zine that kept everything painfully, for lack of a better word, hardcore. They put out 11 issues between 2002 and 2005 and you won't be seeing any Trustkill or Victory Records ads in here! In fact, reading through the editorials you can see how they were getting increasingly frustrated with people recommending them ways of 'succeeding' by taking more ads, wider distribution, kissing ass and all that nice stuff you'd normally associate with commercial rock. In their words, 'fuck big fish swimming in small ponds'. The bands interviewed herein are a who-is-who of hardcore with everyone from Agnostic Front, Terror and Underdog to Mental, Think I Care and The A-Team! The 50 or so (!) interviews are in-depth and the questions typically go beyond the standard bullshit (how's the tour, the new 7", etc...) to controversial rumours, like No Warning being Nazis or Righteous Jams being FSU meat-heads. This collection is probably as important and awesome as the *Schism* collection on Bridge-9, only like four times bigger and better. I really don't need to say so, but this is really ESSENTIAL reading if you dig the 'core. www.eatingrats.com





THURSDAY NIGHT SKATE

WORDS: SHORTROUND

PHOTOS: KAI [WSN]

The **Cambridge Thursday Night Skate** started in February this year. The brainchild of local rollerblader Rupert, it is inspired by the rollerblading street skating sessions of the glory days of the mid to late 1990s when huge groups of bladers reclaimed the streets, and follows the format of similar do-it-yourself events already seen in large cities across the world. So far it has been a success, bringing together several generations of local skaters, from kids as young as ten who've been skating for mere months, to the tattooed beer-swilling guys pushing thirty who've been skating half their lives. It has also enjoyed welcoming female skaters and skaters from further afield, and a few local couple skateboarders have joined in, happy to skate alongside rollerbladers in order to get in on the buzz only large sessions bring.

Pretty much all will be made welcome as long as they respect the local skaters and the local scene, are ready to show the public that the streets we live in are as much open to our interpretation as anyone else's, and aren't a big-headed cunt in general. Those that can't do this will be made to feel pretty unwelcome as *TNS* works on positivity and everyone contributing towards making it enjoyable for all. So far this has worked well, with those that drive giving people lifts to spots they wouldn't have otherwise, it has provided a forum for people to trade unwanted skate parts, and often ends in a good old fashioned piss up at the of the session, with people sharing around beers, smokes and jokes around the skatepark before finishing up at the pub, the King Street Run being the usual notorious choice.

So if you rollerblade, or even if you don't and skateboard, BMX, just wanna watch, take photographs, play us some guitar round the skatepark, and are gonna come with a positive attitude, get on myspace.com/tnscambridge, or check the flyers and posters in *Billys* skateshop on Burleigh Street or here in *Crucial Mag*, coz we wanna see you there!!!



ONE-SENTENCE REVIEWS

Agnostic Front - For My Family 7": You are not really into NYHC if you don't like Agnostic Front, sucka.

Austrian Death Machine - Total Brutal: **Every** Arnie film should have this remixed in as its soundtrack.

Billy No Mates / Milloy split 7": Fact: You can't go wrong with anything that's got Duncan from Snuff on it.

Γιώγώ Μαστροκώστα - Αμαρτία: Έπος.

Down To Nothing / 50 Lions split 7": Tilt yo' muthafuckin' hat sideways, broseph, and get ready to show them funky-ass wiggaz how to 2-step the *real* way yo!

Dirty Money - No Escaping This 7": Are kids more stoked about this being on Dead And Gone or because the music is actually bitching?

H2O - Still The Same Fellas 7": It took about 15 years to release a bitching 7" again, but it was totally worth the fucking wait.

Have Heart - You Can't Go Home Again 7": Only two tracks of some solid hardcore that's got some weird prog shit going on that will blow your mind away.

Henry Rollins - Provoked: Come on, motherfucker, when are you going to stop doing this spoken word and Rollins Band crap and get SOA back together again?

International Superheroes of Hardcore - Takin' It Ova: It must be quite tough on New Found Glory knowing that they've released their *best stuff ever* as a joke band.

Lewd Acts - On Lonely Nights 7": These guys are related to Lockin' Out, but they sound more like Soul Control or something.

Make It Count - Leeway: If something like 'NOFX meets Hatebreed at a Warzone show' sounds like fun to you, you will be lapping this right up.

Moby - Last Night: Whenever Moby puts a record out, I wonder how many people realise that back in 1983 he was moshing it up to Youth Of Today & Black Flag.

No Turning Back - Stronger: "No Turning Back" should by now be synonymous to 'quality Dutch crunchy hardcore'.

Paint It Black - New Lexicon: It shouldn't make a difference to you what bands these guys have been in when the results are this good.

Razzle Dazzle - Strictly Saucers: My recommended *Friday Night Album* for this summer.

Reign Supreme - American Violence: I only got this because the cover suggested it was written for fat dudes in basket-ball jerseys.

Riff Raff - Lowlifer 7": This was a great little gem to help me through the wait until *Iron Boots* release a proper record.

Ruiner - Prepare To Be Let Down: More like 'prepare to get fucking *pumped* and break down some fucking emotional and physical walls, bro'.

Shipwreck A.D. - Abyss: I think the hardcore world has finally found its very own Mastadon.

Σκοτεινή Πλευρά - Πολεμιστές Ζωής: Αλάνια, τσιμπήστε το άφοβα και δεν θα καταλάβετε για πότε διαλύθηκαν οι Άλφα Γάμμα...

Sonic Boom Six - Arcade Perfect: Empirical proof that mixing punk, reggae and hip-hop, among things, can make your ears ejaculate.

Steve-O - The Dumbest Asshole In Hip-Hop: There is *nothing* ironic about the title of this abomination of a 'record'.

SuperXcontra - X Never Give In - Never Surrender X: Yeah, vegan straight edge hip-hop totally fucking exists after all...

The First Step - Connection 7": Another solid solid solid slab of multi-coloured vinyl with Dr. Cappo's daily recommended dosage of youth crew.

Tiefighter - I Could Tell The World...: This would have been more like the Death Star if they fucking dropped the 'girlie man' vocals and the acoustic guitars.

Think I Care / Fucked Up live split 7": Just how fucking **awesome** would a Think I Care / Fucked Up show down Cellar Bar 8 be?

Verse - Aggression: Exemplifying the *Bane* Principle, these guys release a good sounding record I just have no real interest in.

Vodka Juniors - Dark Poetry: Even without electric guitars, this has somehow managed to stay on my playlist for a long fucking time.

Victimize - Beatdowns 4 Unity: And here I thought that meat-heads like Scott Vogel only thrived in California.

Walls Of Jericho - Redemption EP: Sure, get that dreaded 'acoustic bug' out of your system, but do you really need that ass-clown Corey Taylor duetting and producing this?

Waterdown - Powersnake EP: I think I preferred it when the Germanic race was obsessed with early Bad Religion and late Youth Of Today over this crap.

The Airport Security Follies By Patrick Smith [stolen from the Internet]

Six years after the terrorist attacks of 2001, airport security remains a theater of the absurd. The changes put in place following the September 11th catastrophe have been drastic, and largely of two kinds: those practical and effective, and those irrational, wasteful and pointless. The first variety have taken place almost entirely behind the scenes. Explosives scanning for checked luggage, for instance, was long overdue and is perhaps the most welcome addition. Unfortunately, at concourse checkpoints all across America, the madness of passenger screening continues in plain view. It began with pat-downs and the senseless confiscation of pointy objects. Then came the mandatory shoe removal, followed in the summer of 2006 by the prohibition of liquids and gels. We can only imagine what is next.

To understand what makes these measures so absurd, we first need to revisit the morning of September 11th, and grasp exactly what it was the 19 hijackers so easily took advantage of. Conventional wisdom says the terrorists exploited a weakness in airport security by smuggling aboard box-cutters. What they actually exploited was a weakness in our mind-set - a set of presumptions based on the decades-long track record of hijackings. In years past, a takeover meant hostage negotiations and standoffs; crews were trained in the concept of "passive resistance." All of that changed forever the instant American Airlines Flight 11 collided with the north tower. What weapons the 19 men possessed mattered little; the success of their plan relied fundamentally on the element of surprise. And in this respect, their scheme was all but guaranteed not to fail.

For several reasons - particularly the awareness of passengers and crew - just the opposite is true today. Any hijacker would face a planeload of angry and frightened people ready to fight back. Say what you want of terrorists, they cannot afford to waste time and resources on schemes with a high probability of failure. And thus the September 11th template is all but useless to potential hijackers. No matter that a deadly sharp can be fashioned from virtually anything found on a plane, be it a broken wine bottle or a snapped-off length of plastic, we are content wasting billions of taxpayer dollars and untold hours of labor in a delusional attempt to thwart an attack that has already happened, asked to queue for absurd lengths of time, subject to embarrassing pat-downs and loss of our belongings.

The folly is much the same with respect to the liquids and gels restrictions, introduced two summers ago following the breakup of a London-based cabal that was planning to blow up jetliners using liquid explosives. Allegations surrounding the conspiracy were revealed to substantially embellished. In an August 2006 article in the New York Times, British officials admitted that public statements made following the arrests were overcooked, inaccurate and "unfortunate." The plot's leaders were still in the process of recruiting and radicalizing would-be bombers. They lacked passports, airline tickets and, most critical of all, they had been unsuccessful in actually producing liquid explosives. Investigators later described the widely parroted report that up to ten U.S. airliners had been targeted as "speculative" and "exaggerated."

Among first to express serious skepticism about the bombers' readiness was Thomas C. Greene, whose essay in The Register explored the extreme difficulty of mixing and deploying the types of binary explosives purportedly to be used. Green conferred with Professor Jimmie C. Oxley, an explosives specialist who has closely studied the type of deadly cocktail coveted by the London plotters. "The notion that deadly explosives can be cooked up in an airplane lavatory is pure fiction," Greene told me during an interview. "A handy gimmick for action movies and shows like '24.' The reality proves disappointing: it's rather awkward to do chemistry in an airplane toilet. Nevertheless, our official protectors and deciders respond to such notions instinctively, because they're familiar to us: we've all seen scenarios on television and in the cinema. This, incredibly, is why you can no longer carry a bottle of water onto a plane."

The threat of liquid explosives does exist, but it cannot be readily brewed from the kinds of liquids we have devoted most of our resources to keeping away from planes. Certain benign liquids, when combined under highly specific conditions, are indeed dangerous. However, creating those conditions poses enormous challenges for a saboteur. "I would not hesitate to allow that liquid explosives can pose a danger," Greene added, recalling Ramzi Yousef's 1994 detonation of a small nitroglycerine bomb aboard Philippine Airlines Flight 434. The explosion was a test run for the so-called "Project Bojinka," an Al Qaeda scheme to simultaneously destroy a dozen widebody airliners over the Pacific Ocean. "But the idea that confiscating someone's toothpaste is going to keep us safe is too ridiculous to entertain."

Yet that's exactly what we've been doing. The three-ounce container rule is silly enough - after all, what's to stop somebody from carrying several small bottles each full of the same substance - but consider for a moment the hypocrisy of T.S.A.'s confiscation policy. At every concourse checkpoint you'll see a bin or barrel brimming with contraband containers taken from passengers for having exceeded the volume limit. Now, the assumption has to be that the materials in those containers are potentially hazardous. If not, why were they seized in the first place? But if so, why are they dumped unceremoniously into the trash? They are not quarantined or handed over to the bomb squad; they are simply thrown away. The agency seems to be saying that it knows these things are harmless. But it's going to steal them anyway, and either you accept it or you don't fly.

But of all the contradictions and self-defeating measures T.S.A. has come up with, possibly none is more blatantly ludicrous than the policy decreeing that pilots and flight attendants undergo the same x-ray and metal detector screening as passengers. What makes it ludicrous is that tens of thousands of other airport workers, from baggage loaders and fuelers to cabin cleaners and maintenance personnel, are subject only to occasional random screenings when they come to work.

These are individuals with full access to aircraft, inside and out. Some are airline employees, though a high percentage are contract staff belonging to outside companies. The fact that crew members, many of whom are former military fliers, and all of whom endured rigorous background checks prior to being hired, are required to take out their laptops and surrender their hobby knives, while a caterer or cabin cleaner sidesteps the entire process and walks onto a plane unimpeded, nullifies almost everything our T.S.A. minders have said and done since September 11th, 2001. If there is a more ringing let-me-get-this-straight scenario anywhere in the realm of airport security, I'd like to hear it.

I'm not suggesting that the rules be tightened for non-crew members so much as relaxed for all accredited workers. Which perhaps urges us to reconsider the entire purpose of airport security:

The truth is, regardless of how many pointy tools and shampoo bottles we confiscate, there shall remain an unlimited number of ways to smuggle dangerous items onto a plane. The precise shape, form and substance of those items is irrelevant. We are not fighting materials, we are fighting the imagination and cleverness of the would-be saboteur.

Thus, what most people fail to grasp is that the nuts and bolts of keeping terrorists away from planes is not really the job of airport security at all. Rather, it's the job of government agencies and law enforcement. It's not very glamorous, but the grunt work of hunting down terrorists takes place far off stage, relying on the diligent work of cops, spies and intelligence officers. Air crimes need to be stopped at the planning stages. By the time a terrorist gets to the airport, chances are it's too late.

In the end, I'm not sure which is more troubling, the inanity of the existing regulations, or the average American's acceptance of them and willingness to be humiliated. These wasteful and tedious protocols have solidified into what appears to be indefinite policy, with little or no opposition. There ought to be a tide of protest rising up against this mania. Where is it? At its loudest, the voice of the traveling public is one of grumbled resignation. The op-ed pages are silent, the pundits have nothing meaningful to say.

The airlines, for their part, are in something of a bind. The willingness of our carriers to allow flying to become an increasingly unpleasant experience suggests a business sense of masochistic capitulation. On the other hand, imagine the outrage among security zealots should airlines be caught lobbying for what is perceived to be a dangerous abrogation of security and responsibility — even if it's not. Carriers caught plenty of flack, almost all of it unfair, in the aftermath of September 11th. Understandably, they no longer want that liability.

As for Americans themselves, I suppose that it's less than realistic to expect street protests or airport sit-ins from citizen fliers, and maybe we shouldn't expect too much from a press and media that have had no trouble letting countless other injustices slip to the wayside. And rather than rethink our policies, the best we've come up with is a way to skirt them - for a fee, naturally - via schemes like Registered Traveler. Americans can now pay to have their personal information put on file just to avoid the hassle of airport security. As cynical as George Orwell ever was, I doubt he imagined the idea of citizens offering up money for their own subjugation.

How we got to this point is an interesting study in reactionary politics, fear-mongering and a disconcerting willingness of the American public to accept almost anything in the name of "security." Conned and frightened, our nation demands not actual security, but security spectacle. And although a reasonable percentage of passengers, along with most security experts, would concur such theater serves no useful purpose, there has been surprisingly little outrage. In that regard, maybe we've gotten exactly the system we deserve.



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